

DR. JAMESON.

*The Latest Portrait, from a Painting by S. Begg.*



# DR. JAMESON'S DASH INTO THE TRANSVAAL.

By CAPTAIN THATCHER

FOR the purposes of this narrative it is unnecessary for me to go through the whole chain of events which preceded Dr. Jameson's ill-starred expedition. The reader will not expect me to relate everything within my knowledge as to the organisation of the movement which had so disastrous a sequel. That branch of the subject is beyond the limits of my discretion: it is about to engage the attention of a judicial tribunal; it is connected with responsibilities and obligations quite outside the province of a single member of Dr. Jameson's force. I have my own views as to the political situation in the Transvaal, and as to its inevitable outcome—views which I shall explain before I have done; but it is not incumbent upon me now to make any detailed statement as to the preparations for an enterprise which reflects no discredit on those who were engaged in it, and which every man of them would undertake again to-morrow, were the circumstances precisely the same.

I am aware that by many people in this country, who have no real acquaintance with the case, it is considered a decisive condemnation of Dr. Jameson that the situation at Johannesburg, which was the immediate cause of his march, was fictitious. "Why tell us," it is said, "that Jameson made a dash on Johannesburg to rescue the women and children? It is true that the appeal addressed to him declared them to be in actual danger; but we know now that this was a figment. Jameson had been in Johannesburg not long before, and he must have been aware that there was no ground for any such alarm; besides, the Boers are not Kaffirs, and even had they suppressed a rising by force, they would not have harmed the non-combatants." Now, on the subject of the letter which was Dr. Jameson's call to arms, I am not at liberty to say all I think. That is a crucial point in the coming inquiry. Whether the letter expressed the opinion of the Reform Committee at

Johannesburg is a matter for conjecture. There was more than one element in the Committee; some of its members were genuinely surprised by the precipitation of events; for, although they knew we were on the border, they did not expect us at that particular juncture. It will naturally be asked, "Why, then, did you move? Why rush on what was certain failure, in the absence of an organised co-operation at Johannesburg?" I cannot answer these questions by disclosing what I believe to be the whole truth about the letter; but I can state with confidence that this appeal was accepted by Dr. Jameson in absolutely good faith. Surely it stands to reason that a man of his character and experience would never have undertaken such

a march with so small a force, so lightly equipped, had he not been assured that the emergency was such as no Englishman could with honour disregard. Every man under his command firmly believed that the women and children at Johannesburg were in danger; and this apprehension was based in great measure on a knowledge of the Boers which is not common property in England.



SERVING OUT ARMS AND AMMUNITION TO BURGHERS AND REGISTERED MEN IN PRETORIA.

I have a great respect for some of the qualities of these hardy farmers. They are a vigorous and independent race, shrewd within narrow limits, courageous under cover, and pretty good marksmen, though, for reasons I shall explain later on, not as good as is generally supposed. But in some of their habits they are primitive savages; their religion does not make them humane, except when humanity is obviously politic. In their wars with the aboriginal natives they have never hesitated to employ the most cruel methods of warfare: blowing up with dynamite caves full of women has never troubled the Boer's Biblical conscience. He smote the natives with as little mercy as the ancient Jews showed to the Amorites. In dealing with his white foes he has shown restraint; but I am aware of nothing in his character which should have convinced us that the



women of Johannesburg would have been perfectly safe in his hands, had a rising in that town been suppressed in blood. The Boer is not remarkable for fastidiously delicate scruples, and every man who was with Jameson on the border could recall stories of Boer morality which made it impossible to sit with folded hands when that appeal from Johannesburg was read. Remember that we were not at home in England, remote from the scene of peril to our countrywomen. Even here the indignation would have been strong enough, had it been thoroughly understood what that peril was. How much more urgent the stimulus to action by men who were within a few days' ride of Johannesburg, and who, as they firmly believed, were actually summoned to the rescue of what all of them held dearest! I put it to any of my readers whether in such a case their own blood would not have made instant answer to that summons, and whether they would not have considered themselves eternally disgraced had they allowed it to pass unheeded?

How far we were at the mercy of rumours circulated by the Boers I cannot say. Mr. Kruger's famous remark that he was waiting for the tortoise to show its head was significant. To draw out the head by a false bait was quite in keeping with that old gentleman's astuteness. Two days before we started there were reports of rioting at Johannesburg. They were false reports, as we knew later, but at the time there was nothing in the situation which made them appear improbable. That the Rand was in a most excited state was notorious; everybody felt that matters had reached a tension which the Boer Government might seek to end by a decisive blow. Between an ignorant and stubborn little oligarchy and a European population smarting under the grossest injustice there seemed small prospect of conciliation. We talked of these affairs during those days on the border as men will talk who expect every moment to be called to take a hand in the protection of interests of which they have no reason to be ashamed, and we chafed as Englishmen especially will chafe at a *régime* entirely opposed to all their traditional ideas of liberty, and of common justice between man and man. But I can honestly say that we did not talk as if we were a band of filibusters, freebooters eager for plunder, soldiers of fortune who expected to be rewarded out of the possessions of a conquered enemy. I find that many of the writing gentlemen of England, who sit at home at ease, have pictured us as a gang of greedy cut-throats armed to the teeth, desperadoes like the followers of Cortes or Pizarro, fired by the lust of gold, eager to rush in and slay the peaceful pastoral Boer, and divide the riches accumulated by his frugal industry! There never was a more grotesque misrepresentation in this world. It has about as plentiful a lack of sense as the confident assertion that we have lied, that I, in particular, lied, about the killed and wounded of the Boers that were removed from the battlefield in carts.

Because we failed, because we were the victims of grave

miscalculation, it is taken for granted that we are incapable of truth—that a body of men who can stand comparisons with any of their judges in Fleet Street or elsewhere, who were led by the bravest, simplest, noblest-hearted man in all South Africa to an undoing which was neither his fault nor theirs, must be a crew of marauders inspired by no higher aim than booty! I confess that, bitter as the mortification of our failure is, I cannot help being amused by the grim irony of this picture of Dr. Jameson and Sir John Willoughby as mere bandits, when the truth is that had they resembled in the slightest degree the character their assailants have given them, they would in all probability have been victors instead of vanquished. I hope to show presently that it was solely Dr. Jameson's chivalrous forbearance which doomed him to defeat when he found the Boers in strong force across his path. The very fact that he did not

cross the border as a marauding invader paralysed him in a military sense when it was plain that he could not force his way without severe fighting. Freebooters, indeed! Had we been led by a man of that stamp, utterly reckless of consequences, the fight at Krugersdorp might have ended very differently. Dr. Jameson never forgot for a moment the imperative conditions of his adventure. He did not enter the Transvaal to levy open war on its Government; for that purpose he would have made another kind of provision, and pursued very different tactics. He believed it to be his duty to obey the call of humanity, and when he fought, it was purely in self-defence. Had he taken the offensive like a commander who is determined to achieve conquest at any cost to the enemy, he would have adopted, as I shall presently make plain, a course which could scarcely have failed to clear the direct road to Johannesburg.

I do not say this in any spirit of criticism. It is the strongest tribute to Dr. Jameson that he inspired in his men the deepest personal devotion; they loved him even more in his hour of defeat than when the hopes of success stood highest. I was not present when he paraded his force, read to them the letter from Johannesburg, and called for volunteers. That was at Pitsani, and I joined at Ottershoop, thirty miles over the Transvaal border. But I can easily understand why every man volunteered without the slightest hesitation as to the motive of the undertaking, or as to its practical character. Belief in "Dr. Jim" was the whole gospel of the Bechuanaland Police and the Rhodesia Horse, who made up his little army. The story that he beguiled a number of trusting young men into this expedition without telling them the sinister object he had in view, is ludicrous to everyone who knows the facts. We knew him as a man who would make any sacrifice to help a friend or attain an ideal. Behind that shrewd and shaggy exterior, which gave you the first impression of a Scotch terrier on the pounce, there was a soul of chivalry which belonged to a much older time, to days when men did in pure knight-errantry what they now do



Photo Passano, Old Bond Street.

CAPTAIN FRANK THATCHER.





JAMESON CALLING FOR VOLUNTEERS.





JAMESON'S START.



for much more prosaic ends. To paint such a man as a filibuster, as the agent of a conspiracy to steal the property of the Boers, is a libel which, I am convinced, the great majority of Dr. Jim's countrymen at home and in South Africa resent and despise.

## II.

On Monday morning, Dec. 30, Dr. Jameson crossed the border from Pitsani to Ottershoop, a distance of thirty miles, with 650 men, the Bechuanaland Police wearing their *kharki* kit of brown cloth, and the Rhodesia Horse being clad in grey, and all of them in the well-known *terai* felt hats turned up at the side. The officer in military command was Sir John Willoughby, a short, soldierly-looking man with the pluck of twenty. With him were Colonel White, tall, handsome, the ideal of a cavalry leader; Captain White, staff officer, a thorough soldier, and one of the kindest of men; Colonel Scott, Captain Kincaird Smith, Captain Coventry, and others. It must be understood that of this small force only three hundred were available for actual fighting, the rest being employed as scouts and on escort duty with the guns and wagons. Of the scouting, which was directed by an American of great experience in this class of work, I cannot speak too highly. The men were armed with magazine rifles, and we had three field-pieces—one of twelve pounds and two of seven—and eight Maxims, not the ordinary Maxims with the long beam and plates that shelter only a couple of men, but the short-beamed guns with the large plates. These were carried in Cape carts, light vehicles with two wheels and large hoods. Of provisions we

We reached Ottershoop so early that the telegraph-master was roused from the slumbers of the just to be informed briefly but kindly that we meant to cut his wires. He did not



A GUN BELONGING TO THE TRANSVAAL STATE ARTILLERY AT PRETORIA.

expostulate; nobody did. Our advent was regarded with silent curiosity in this little Transvaal town, with its one street of tin houses, as the Boers call them, though they are made of corrugated iron. The population turned out, and stared at us without resentment, just as if we were a holiday cavalcade. Some of them were miners, for Ottershoop is the centre of the Malmani Gold-field, which, I believe, will prove to be the finest of all the gold-fields in the Transvaal. Beyond the town rises the outcrop—that is to say, the ridges of auriferous stone, so rich in ore that you can take up any small stone that comes to hand, and crush it with a reasonable expectation of finding some symptom of the precious metal.

Well, the telegraph-master watched the snipping of his wires without a protest, and the little group of officials assembled on the verandah of the hotel was also mute, though one or two of the inhabitants, probably English, cried, "Good luck to you!" It has been asserted that we cut the wires in order to prevent any inconvenient interference by the High Commissioner. That was not Dr. Jameson's object at all. He wanted to keep the news of his operations as long as possible from the Boers. One telegraph line ran from Ottershoop to Zeerust, sixteen miles away, the chief town of the Marico district, the granary of the Transvaal, and thence to Pretoria. Another ran to Lichtenburg, and a

third to Rustenburg. I do not think this precaution made any appreciable delay in the movements of the Boers, who had ample information about us from other sources. As we left Ottershoop we saw a mounted policeman riding off in the direction of Zeerust to give the alarm to the Marico commandant, and no attempt was made to stop him. He might have been shot, but that would have been a useless act of bloodshed; for unless we had taken the population with us as prisoners, and



VOLUNTEER CAVALRY CORPS OF PRETORIA.

had tinned meats and biscuits for four days, not a commissariat for a prolonged campaign, though the critics who have wondered at our inadequate equipment do not realise that dispatch was the first essential of the expedition. We hoped to be at Johannesburg before the Boers could concentrate, and when that expectation was falsified, all the provender in the world would have been useless. In one of the wagons, I remember, there was a barrel of sherry, which subsequently befriended me in a remarkable manner.



left a detachment in possession of the place, it was impossible to make Ottershoop hold its tongue. Moreover, the chief weapon of our force was speed, and we could afford neither the men nor the time for all the military manœuvres proper to a regular invasion.

The column rode down the single street, the guns clattering, the squadrons, followed by the wagons, close behind, and Dr. Jim in front, riding in a spider—a Cape carriage with four wheels—and dressed in a long brown racing-coat with a velvet collar. Behind the wagons came about a hundred armed Kaffirs, leading spare horses, then the rearguard and scouts; and so the column vanished from the fixed gaze of Ottershoop over the rolling veldt, which stretched away with ridges of stone,

about our position, picking up empty cartridge-cases. Of what use these relics were to the excellent dame it is impossible to say; and I can only surmise that she was actuated by the frugal spirit of the Boer household, which regards no unconsidered trifle as too small to be saved.

I may deal here briefly with the pacific efforts made by various authorities to check our advance. A messenger from the High Commissioner brought a dispatch, which it was no part of a volunteer's province to read. To the policy which dictated his Excellency's message I shall make some reference in the political survey at the end of this narrative. Suffice it to remark at this point that Dr. Jameson seemed to take the High Commissioner's remonstrance as the Northern



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF JAMESON'S CAMP AT PITSANI POTHLUGO FROM THE KOPJE ON THE SOUTH-EAST.

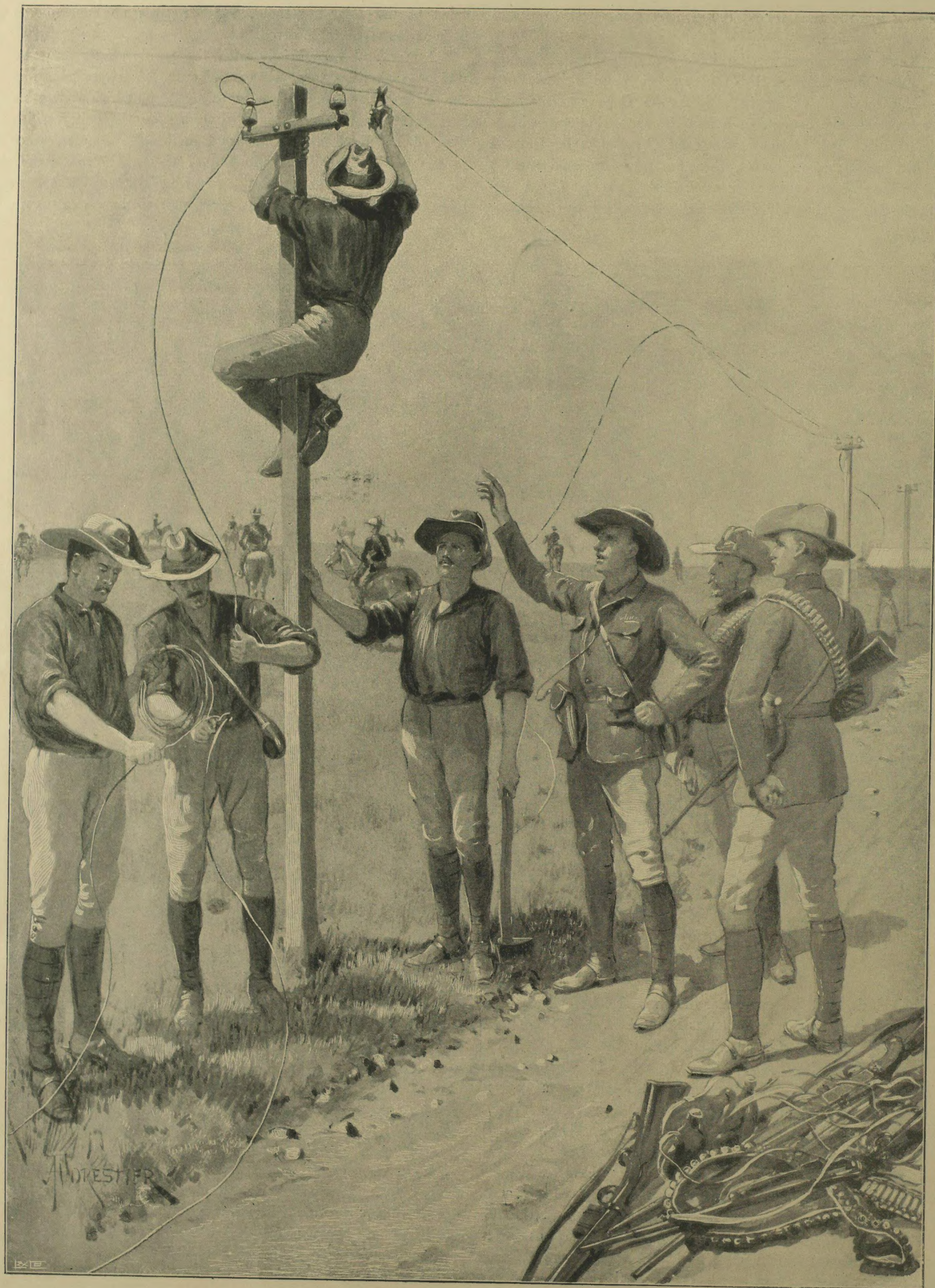
*From a Photograph by Captain O'Meara, R.E., who was sent by the British Government to stop Jameson's Advance.*

brown, bleak, and barren under the winter sky, though in summer it is as fresh and green as Devonshire. We journeyed rapidly, sometimes at a hand gallop, halting here and there for an hour, and forming laager for a brief rest, all going well till midnight on Tuesday. Everything was still, and the men were chatting quietly, when, as we approached a horseshoe ridge, dotted with trees on the right front, the rattle of rifle fire broke suddenly all round us. The Maxims were at once run forward and brought into play, and the Boers, who may have numbered three or four hundred, were soon driven from right to left, and then vainly tried to work round our rear. This brush lasted about two hours, with no casualties on our side. I do not think any serious demonstration was intended by the Boers at this point; they simply wished to retard our advance, every hour's delay being of the utmost value to them, as the subsequent operations clearly showed. An odd incident at this juncture was furnished by a woman in a black dress, who moved calmly

Farmer in Tennyson took the parson's sermon: "I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said, an' I coom'd awaäy." Then there was a messenger from the commandant of Marico, and another from Krugersdorp in the person of Mr. Eloff. It has been suggested that Mr. Eloff, a relative of President Kruger, was sent by that high authority to protest against the expedition; but the truth is that Mr. Eloff was one of the policemen of Krugersdorp, and came on his official responsibility to ask our business. His arms were taken from him, but not his horse, and he fell back behind the column. Much has been made of Dr. Jameson's invitation to Mr. Eloff to call for his rifle at Pretoria, but I believe that was a little jest on Jameson's part, and not a boastful intimation of conquest.

A few miles further we formed laager till daybreak on Wednesday, and then pushed on, not much refreshed, till we halted at a wayside inn for water. Here we could see the veldt rising gradually about five hundred feet to the ridge near





JAMESON'S MEN CUTTING THE TELEGRAPH WIRES.

*From a Sketch supplied by Captain Thatcher.*





CYCLISTS BRINGING A MESSAGE TO JAMESON FROM JOHANNESBURG.  
*From a Sketch supplied by Captain Thatcher.*



Krugersdorp, and here we were soon made aware that the Boers were awaiting us in force. It was between four and five in the afternoon that they opened fire from the sluits, or entrenchments—little ditches carefully dug to afford them ample cover. They were not disposed, however, to hold this position, for they retired over the ridge and the intervening valley, rallying their strength on a second ridge, which was the actual outskirt of Krugersdorp. On the summit was a large iron house, full of armed men, and not far away rose some woodwork which proclaimed the shaft of a mine. The miners, in considerable numbers, took up a safe position to witness the encounter, for all the world as if it were a sham fight, organised exclusively for their entertainment. In some ways it was not undeserving of that description. Dr. Jim's dominant idea was to spare life as much as possible, not merely on his own side but on the enemy's. He had a morbid dread that shells would drop into Krugersdorp. Had we been making war according to established precedents, I have no doubt that Krugersdorp would have been accidentally set on fire, and that the

Boers, with this blaze in their rear, would have retreated. Does anybody suppose that had German troops attacked a ridge, with a town behind it, they would have been so desperately concerned not to annoy the enemy by firing his household gods? I venture to say there is not a military tactician in Europe who would not condemn Dr. Jim for his excessive scruple in this

business; and now that the Boers have profited by the scruple, we have people here who first proclaim Jameson as a lawless ruffian, and then taunt him with the failure that was really due to his humanity. The whole object of our advance on the Krugersdorp ridge was to strike the direct road to Johannesburg, and this was foiled because our excellent gun practice did no more than dismantle two iron houses on the slope of the hill. One shot took off half a roof. It was excellent shooting; but when you compare the result with what might have been achieved, it was more suggestive of toy soldiering than of filibustering.

Some wise persons have remarked that the incapacity of our expedition was shown by our ignorance of the Boer method of fighting. Nature has certainly provided the owners of the Transvaal with a unique ground for defensive warfare by riflemen who do not care to exhibit themselves overmuch. No one can complain of that. It is the business of the Boer to make the most of his traditions and of his natural advantages. He posts himself in a sluit or on a ridge, and, when the position grows hot, he mounts his horse, scampers over a valley, and drops into another ditch or behind another convenient heap of stones. These manoeuvres make him a formidable fighter, and whenever he becomes possessed of really big guns, and learns how to use them, he will present an uncommonly tough problem in

military science to the most experienced of European strategists. But when he is without artillery, as the Boers were at Krugersdorp, and when his opponents have quick-firing guns and a courage certainly not inferior to his own, it is plain that his success is due not to superior numbers only, but to some cause quite apart from his own merits.

It is a common belief, no doubt, that the Boer is a prodigious marksman. You still hear legends of Laing's Nek and Majuba, and unquestionably the Boers shot far better in those historic actions than they did at Krugersdorp. If they had really retained all their vaunted skill with the rifle, how many of us would have been left alive or unwounded? It is well known that they used up all their ammunition, and that a fresh supply was brought by special train on a line which might have been made impassable for this purpose, had our friends in Johannesburg been ready to tear it up in time. But this famous marksmanship of the Boer has declined. The men who shot straight at Krugersdorp were the old Doppers and Rustenburg farmers, the remnant of the warriors who fought against us in 1881. Most of

their comrades belonged to the new generation, which does not shoot nearly so well. In this respect a change has come over the Boers. They have no longer, as in the days of trekking, to depend for their staple food on game. Big game is disappearing from the Transvaal towards the Zambesi, and the opportunities of the Boer sportsman grow scantier. As the necessity for shooting straight

declines, so does the aptitude; and the stories of the infant Boer turned out of doors by a disciplinary parent to shoot his dinner are mythical. No doubt the taste for good rifle practice may be found still sturdy here and there, but in the main it is rapidly waning. Had it been maintained in all its pristine vigour, I do not see how Jameson's force could have come out of thirty-six hours' fighting with so small a loss, or how I should have been alive or well enough to tell this story.

The fight at Krugersdorp began between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, and by dusk we had worked round the town on the right, abandoning the attempt to force a direct passage. Here occurred a noteworthy incident. Before darkness fell, the Boers suddenly appeared in line, to the number of about twelve hundred, along the whole length of the ridge. As they stood clearly outlined on horseback against the sky, Sir John Willoughby exclaimed, "We'll charge them!" and instantly our line sallied to the attack—three hundred men, remember, being all that were practically available for such an operation. The very sight of the impending onset was quite enough for the exultant Boers, who dropped into their ditches again before we had covered half the intervening distance. Our line retired, not badly mauled by the enemy's fire, which ought to have destroyed us had the Boers been equal to their reputation with the rifle. One remarkable



FIGHTING BOERS OF THE TRANSVAAL.



proof of their poor shooting is that they had carefully marked off all the ranges with stones. This was the chosen place where they were to finish us, and where the distances were measured as if for rifle-butts; and yet when they had us on an open slope, and preferred dropping back to cover to meeting us in a fair trial of strength, though they outnumbered us enormously, they were unable to cripple us with serious loss. I do not deny that they played a waiting game with admirable skill: there was real generalship in their dispositions, and they clung to their native rocks with prodigal affection; but to say that, man for man, they overmatched us would be extravagant eulogy. Had they stood the charge of the three hundred, I think we could have given at least as good an account of them as, in the end, they gave of us, when we were worn out by hunger and exposure.

After this we retired to laager, and spent a very cold night amidst intermittent bullets. There was barely a snatch of sleep for any of us. Already the conviction was pressing on the little company that the expected diversion from Johannesburg was not coming, and that the rapidly concentrating force of the Boers would break down our unaided strength. It was a night of bitter reflection, interrupted by an occasional movement of dim figures carrying a wounded man to the wagons. The Boers slept pretty well, I imagine, for the most part, though some of them could afford the pastime of stopping awake to annoy us with little attentions. So the night wore drearily on, and many of us were kept wakeful by the wounded, or by the intense cold, or by gloomy speculations as to the physical and mental comfort of the zealous sympathisers in the city we had come to help. That was a night not to be forgotten by those who passed it in travail of spirit, discouraged by the day that was spent, and more than dubious of the morrow. Yet no man rose faint-hearted in the morning, though he knew the odds were heavily against us in the coming struggle. We were not allowed much daylight for undisturbed calculation, for the dawn brought a hot fire from the enemy. Once more we essayed to reach the direct road to Johannesburg, and once more our superiority of artillery was not pressed to its full possibilities; once more the Boers fought in their sluits like warlike beavers with arms of precision. We resumed our flank movement to the right, touching the Langlaate Road, leading straight into the Doornkop Valley. Here, on the right front, was the inevitable kopje, a ridge covered with stones, and shaped like a horseshoe, with two little farmhouses at the base, and behind these a kraal,

or stone enclosure, full of fruit trees. To lessen our embarrassments we had abandoned the wagons at Krugersdorp, for we were now engaged in a *détour* which took us farther and farther from our goal, but by no means crippled the activity of the Boers. Johannesburg was now away on our extreme left, and so far as practical sympathy was concerned, just as remote as if the Reform Committee were sitting in another planet, meditating the relief of Dr. Jim.

## III.

The position of Jameson's force in the Doornkop Valley might be roughly described as that of tea in a saucer, with rifles bristling all round the rim. The Langlaate Road runs over the kopje, which was strongly held by the Boers, especially on the right front, where they were chiefly concentrated behind the round boulders. Against this position was directed the main fire of our Maxims. On the left of the road we held the two little farmhouses, the owners of which gave some of us milk—such milk! thick, sour, and curdled, but to men who had tasted nothing for many hours, as welcome as nectar. The farmers were Kaffirs, and I fear that they had to pay heavily to the victors for their generosity to us. In the rear of the houses was an irregular pool of muddy water, and behind that, higher up the slope, a furrowed field which was presently the scene of action for the Pretoria artillerymen. Lower down the

road on the left lay our wounded, and a number of dead horses. The Boers were better shots at the horses than they were at our men. When we opened fire with the first Maxim, the four horses attached to the Cape cart on which the gun was carried were killed. I do not blame these tactics of the enemy. Without horses we were crippled, and they had a perfect right to scatter destruction among the unfortunate beasts.



Photo Walsby, Regent Street.

MR. CHARLES LEONARD,  
CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL REFORM UNION.

THE HON. J. W. LEONARD, Q.C.



Photo Ellis, San Francisco.

CAPTAIN THOMAS MEIN.

THREE PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE JOHANNESBURG NATIONAL REFORM UNION

It was about ten o'clock on the Thursday morning that the final struggle began. We shelled the kopje with shrapnel, and the rifle fire of the Boers raised little puffs of dust from the short green grass of the veldt. When they brought their artillery up, consisting of two Krupps and two Maxims, they made terrible havoc of the furrowed field, which literally rose under the frenzied practice of the Pretoria gunners. It is no disparagement of these gallant citizens to say that they were unfamiliar with their weapons. They blazed away with the simple zeal of men who had never fired a gun before in their lives, and who did not expect to mark anything except inoffensive earth. The peculiarity of the Boer rifle shooting is that it is always low. All our killed and wounded, with one notable exception, were hit in the side.





THE FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THE BOERS: MOONLIGHT.

*From a Sketch supplied by Captain Thatcher.*





THE NIGHT BIVOUAC: THE BOERS CONTINUE FIRING UPON THE CAMP DURING A THUNDERSTORM.

*From a Sketch supplied by Captain Thatcher.*



Captain Coventry was hurt in this fashion, fatally as we thought at first; and though I did not receive a scratch, the water-bottle slung over one hip was shot away. Earlier in the fighting one of our men, distinguished by his deadly accuracy with the rifle, paid

that the terms of Jameson's surrender were not considered applicable by the Boers to our native auxiliaries. Not a hair of any white man's head was injured after the capitulation; and praise has been lavished on the magnanimity with which



*Photo Clapperton, Galashiels.*  
MR. T. RUSSELL LYNN,  
WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF DOORNBOP.



*Photo Plumb and Bradshaw, Pretoria.*  
MAJOR THE HON. CHARLES COVENTRY,  
WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF DOORNBOP.



*Photo W. H. McIntyre and Co., Bristol.*  
MR. H. CAMPBELL SHEPPARD,  
KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF DOORNBOP.



*Photo Arthur Weston, Newgate Street.*  
MR. SEYMOUR H. BEARD,  
KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF DOORNBOP.



*Photo Lafayette, Dublin.*  
CAPTAIN W. H. BARRY,  
KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF DOORNBOP.

the last penalty for cool bravado. In spite of remonstrances, he persisted in standing up to fire, and in this position he was struck by a bullet in the throat, and killed instantly. Even this case does not reflect much credit on the historic marksmanship of the Boers, for they had expended a great many cartridges on this particular target before they hit him. Captain Coventry, too, had long been a special object of their solicitude; they singled him out because he was the only man among us who had a sword, and though this distinctive mark proved nearly fatal to him, it cost the Boer riflemen infinite trouble to find this billet. I have heard it said by people who cling with obstinate superstition to the old theory that the Boers are miraculously endowed for shooting at a mark, that although they failed to do much execution among the white men, they decimated our Kaffirs. It is also amiably suggested that they wished to spare us as much as possible, and so devoted their skill to picking off the blacks. Well, as a matter of fact, the Kaffirs did not suffer specially in the action, for they were not placed where the fire was hottest. What happened to them after the surrender I do not know, but it is eminently likely that they were marched off to certain death. The Boer, as I have already said, knows that humanity, under certain conditions, is politic; but he would certainly fail to understand any obligation to spare the lives of mere Kaffirs, especially Kaffirs who were taken with arms in their hands. I have not the slightest doubt; at all events,

President Kruger gave up his prisoners to the British Government; but in the touching raptures about an act which was imperative as a matter of policy there is not a word of the poor Kaffirs, who may all be lying underground, while neither diplomatists nor rhapsodists dream of asking their humane captors to furnish a list of their names.

At half-past eleven the fight was over. Exhausted by want of food and sleep, we could do no more. There was no water for the wounded; even the muddy pool was not available, for we could not carry water under the ceaseless fire from the ridge. The Maxims were jammed for the same reason, as the heated tubes could not be cooled. The slaughter of the horses made it impossible to bring up ammunition from the wagons. Desperate as the situation was, I believe that Dr. Jameson could still have fought his way through the enemy with a mere remnant of his force. We could have rallied for a rush, and a handful of us would in all probability have dashed over the kopje; but what advantage would that have brought to Johannesburg? The arrival of fifty demoralised horsemen would scarcely have put heart into the Reform Committee; nay, I question whether they would have been much more valiant had we reached Johannesburg without firing a shot. Neither the military nor the political capacity of the Johannesburgers has come shining out of this ordeal. It is true that Bettington's Horse were sent out for a little promenade,



and performed that operation which is associated in military history with the legendary performance of the King of France and his twenty thousand men. It is true that there were hundreds of volunteers who would have helped us, had there been any decent brains to organise them. When the Pretoria artillerymen began their ploughing match, we had a flickering hope that here were the Johannesburgers at last; and the swift flight of that illusion left us with no appetite for any more fighting on behalf of people who had dragged us to betrayal.

With extraordinary perversity, some writers in this country have sneered at Jameson because he surrendered with the bulk of his force still intact. He had done enough already for prestige; and though, as I have shown, he might have burst through the Boer cordon, that glory would have been much too dearly purchased. Military renown made no sort of appeal to his mind. He had come on a chivalrous errand to help those who made him believe that they were in the direst strait; and when Johannesburg remained passive, with this hero fighting sixteen miles away, he refused to be responsible for any needless waste of life. That was a decision which Gordon would have approved, though Gordon, too, has been stigmatised as an unpractical fanatic.

The first signal of yielding was made with a torn shirt tied to the muzzle of a rifle. Another white flag was hoisted on

constant movement throughout the engagement. The three Boers brought a demand for an unconditional surrender, which Dr. Jim refused, asking for a safe conduct for his whole force across the border. The Boers replied that this was impossible, but they promised to spare the lives of the officers and men. "For you," they said to Jameson, "we can make no conditions; your case must be referred to the authorities at Pretoria." Dr. Jim said simply that his own life mattered nothing to him; all he cared for was the safety of those under his command. At that moment none of us had any very keen interest in the present issue, so far as it concerned ourselves. The men threw down their rifles, and lay scattered on the ground scarcely able to keep awake, and almost too weary to eat the food which the Boers gave us without grudging. There was a general notion that we should all be shot, and a lazy feeling that the sooner it were over the sooner to sleep; but had the men believed that they were to be spared and Dr. Jim sacrificed, they would have taken up their weapons again, and chosen to die desperately rather than accept the life-blood of their beloved leader as the price of their own immunity.

## IV.

While this brief negotiation was going on, the Boers on the kopje remained invisible; but the moment it was concluded they



THE C TROOP, AUSTRALIAN CONTINGENT, JOHANNESBURG.

From a Photograph.

one of the little houses, and after the Boers had continued pounding for nearly a quarter of an hour longer, they raised a white flag too, and three men rode down the hill. Just before this my horse had been shot under me, an incident which is curious only because it did not happen sooner, as the duties of a volunteer aide-de-camp to Sir John Willoughby kept me in

rose from rock and sluit, and came galloping down in swarms, waving their rifles triumphantly, and shouting in Dutch, "You d—d Englishmen!" I believe this natural exultation was largely due to relief. It is a great mistake to suppose that the Boer has any relish of fighting for its own sake. He is not, like the Jew of old, whom he resembles in some ways, a man





KAFFIRS, HOLDING SPARE HORSES, WITNESSING THE BATTLE FROM AFAR.

*From a Sketch supplied by Captain Thatcher.*





THE BATTLE-FIELD AS VIEWED FIVE MILES FROM JOHANNESBURG.  
*From a Sketch by Mr. Melton Prior.*

The Point of Horizon above this + is the Spot where the Battle was Fought.



that moleskin had served me in good stead. I daresay some agricultural Boer will dig it up one day, and exhibit it as a trophy from the corpse of an invading caitiff who perished in his crime. I was only too glad, when the moleskin was interred, that I was no longer inside it. The song came into my mind of the cheery soldier who wishes to be laid out in his old stable-jacket, with six stalwart Lancers to carry him, and six brandies-and-sodas to refresh them after the rite. I was pleased that my old companions in the Lancers were not there to perform these interesting functions for me.

That night I slept pretty soundly in an iron shed, and, in the morning, took leave of my trusty friend, whose staunch goodwill in such a crisis it will never be possible to repay.

a violent commotion. The man sitting opposite quietly said, "How did you escape?"

This was an unexpected blow. Here was a stranger who coolly took it for granted that I was a fugitive! I fingered Klonowski's pasteboard nervously, debating with the lightning activity born of emergency whether I should exhibit it to my new inquisitor, and start a yarn of the prodigious valour and skill of the Pretoria artillery which I had telegraphed to the *Times*. There was something in the man's eye which told me that here, at all events, "Press" was useless. It might be a harlequin's wand, turning Frank Thatcher, late of the "Guides," later of the Ottershoop gold-fields, latest of Jameson's luckless command, into a full-blown war correspondent, fresh from chronicling the Marathon of the Transvaal; but, on the other hand, it might be



ONE OF JAMESON'S MEN, WHEN SHOT THROUGH BOTH THIGHS, TOOK OFF HIS BANDOLIER, LAID IT IN FRONT, AND FIRED AWAY UNTIL HE FELL, RIDDLED WITH BULLETS.

*From a Sketch supplied by Captain Thatcher.*

I could now reach Johannesburg by train, though the journey was thick with dangers. Against the vigilance of the Boers I had no safeguards save a borrowed tweed suit and the heroic Klonowski's card, bearing the talisman of "Press." I take this opportunity of expressing my great personal debt to the commander of the Pretoria artillery; and should he feel disposed to take amiss the criticisms I have ventured to make upon his amateur shooting with the unfamiliar Krupps, let him remember that, but for Jameson's Expedition, he would never have enjoyed himself with that barrel of sherry.

## VI.

At the Krugersdorp station there were no signs of a search for me, and I took my seat in the train with a moderate serenity. Scarcely had we started when a voice at my elbow put me in

a mere word of five letters on a card, making no impression whatever on that quiet, keen-looking person who sat over against me.

"Escape from what?" I stammered.

"Oh, I saw you yesterday," he replied with a smile, "riding with Sir John Willoughby. You are one of Jameson's officers."

"And you?"

"Oh, I'm a Government detective!"

The game really was up this time! I have always heard that when you are "copped," as the criminal classes say, for any offence by a gentleman in plain clothes who offers his society without giving you the option of declining it, you expect to hear the click of handcuffs. There was no click. The detective did not discompose himself in any way, but sat placidly smiling at my consternation.





THE BATTLE-FIELD AT DOORNKOP VIEWED FROM THE BOERS' SIDE.





THE SURRENDER.

*From a Sketch supplied by Captain Thatcher.*





AFTER THE SURRENDER.

*From a Sketch supplied by Captain Thatcher.*



"Don't alarm yourself," he said; "I'll see you through."

I silently invoked blessings on his head. Never had I seen such a wondrous detective. The benevolent Hawkshaw who befriends the hero in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" was nothing to him. Needless to say he was not a Boer. The Boer intelligence is not adapted to the detective business. It understands shooting and bill-tongue; it can shelter itself in diplomacy behind the kopje of glorified obstinacy; but it does not lend itself to the wiles of Sherlock Holmes. My friendly Sherlock was an Englishman, of course, and he did not consider it any part of his duty to betray another Englishman in a foreign country. Perhaps the episode has a wider interest than that of my own personal

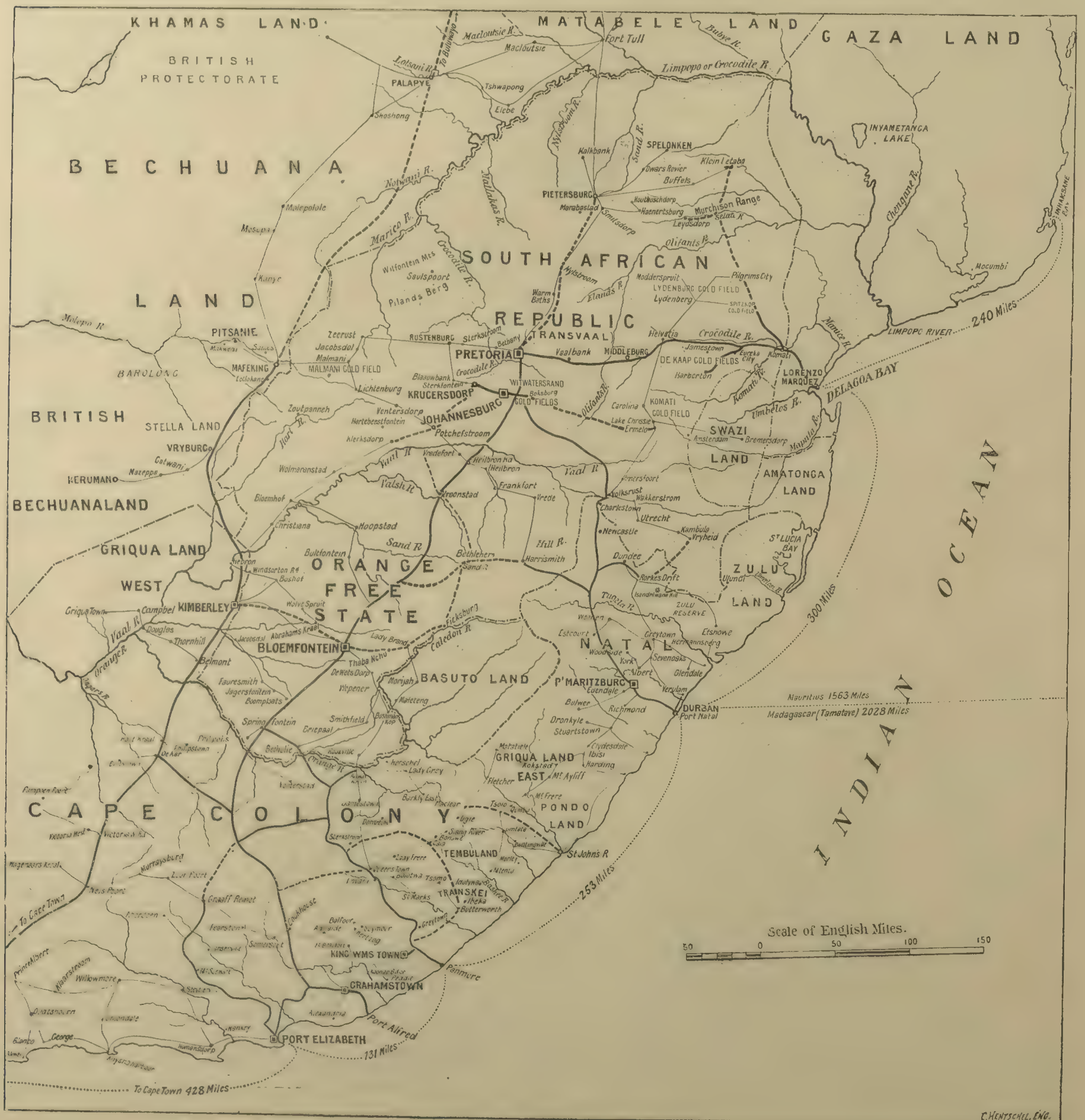


Photo Russell, Baker Street.  
THE RIGHT HON. CECIL RHODES,  
MANAGING DIRECTOR OF THE BRITISH SOUTH  
AFRICA COMPANY.

adventure; for it shows that the Transvaal Government cannot get on without the services of Englishmen, and that Englishmen in its employ are fully alive to the intolerable character of an administration which brings their compatriots within reach of the law.

When we arrived at Johannesburg, which I visited for the first time, my detective handed me over to another man, who showed the way to the house where the distracted members of the Reform Committee were in session. At the door of the Gold-fields Office two men stood with crossed rifles and barred my passage, but the news that I had escaped from the fight at Doornkop soon obtained me admittance.

I cannot enter now into full details of the conversation I had with prominent members of the Committee. It would not be



SECTION OF A MAP OF SOUTH AFRICA, INCLUDING PITSANI (WHENCE JAMESON STARTED), MAFKING, PRETORIA, AND JOHANNESBURG.



fair even to mention their names, at a time when their relations with the Boer Government expose them to reprisals. I found that they had the vaguest idea of Dr. Jim's movements since we had crossed the border, that the Government had carefully withheld or falsified information, and that they considered their hands tied by the armistice proclaimed by Joubert, which was really a blind designed to leave the Boers with a free hand to demolish Jameson. Such tactics belong to the business of war and do not call for reprobation. Why the Uitlander leaders in Johannesburg had no plan of their own it was hard to say. The Reform Committee was an unwieldy body of sixty members, with no head to inspire confidence and show initiative. Some groups

## VII.

The aspect of the town was a unique illustration of the general confusion. With biting irony somebody had put in a window the placard, "Wanted a Cromwell." There was certainly nothing Cromwellian about the sixty gentlemen who composed the Reform Committee, though it might have been the first business of a Cromwell to dissolve that futile body. One of the Reformers told me he did not think there were fifty men in the place who could be relied upon for any action whatever. That may have been unjust, but it testified to the utter lack of organisation. There was plenty of ferment in the streets. Some people rushed about with tartan ribbons in the lappels of their



MESSENGER WITH NEWS OF DR. JAMESON'S DEFEAT RESTING AT CHAPMAN'S STORE ON THE ROAD TO JOHANNESBURG.

*From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.*

pulled one way and some another; some had the grievances of the Uitlanders at heart, and some had the grievances in their pockets. Nobody could tell exactly why the approach of Jameson had not prompted a corresponding movement from Johannesburg in spite of the difficulties. A strong man who knew his own mind would have marched out at once with enough volunteers to place the Boers in an extremely awkward, if not untenable, position. But there was no one with the courage and decision to put everything to the touch, and win or lose it all. On the whole, my experience of the Reform Committee made me thankful that Jameson had not pushed through the hostile lines at Krugersdorp. He would have found his hands tied by the irresolution of men who knew not what they wanted, or had no nerve to set about achieving it. There was unlimited readiness to put schemes on paper; none whatever to carry them out.

coats. I was told they were called the Scots Brigade, and they certainly gave picturesque touches of colour to the community. Then there were bodies of men marching to the music of bands; though why they marched, and why the bands played, with Jameson betrayed and in captivity, I could not divine. In Commissioner Street, in front of the Stock Exchange, there was a huge crowd, harangued by a man on horseback, who seemed to have nothing particular to say. The canteens, as hotels are called in Johannesburg, were closed, and the shops barricaded with boards. Some men moved about with white ribbons bound on their arms; they were policemen. The jail, or *trunk*, to use the Boer word, was full of armed men; pickets surrounded the town; and horsemen galloped through the streets with belated news.

All this would have given a perfectly unsophisticated stranger the idea that Johannesburg was at war, that its troops





STATE ARTILLERY COMING UP BY RAIL.

*From a Sketch supplied by Captain Thatcher.*



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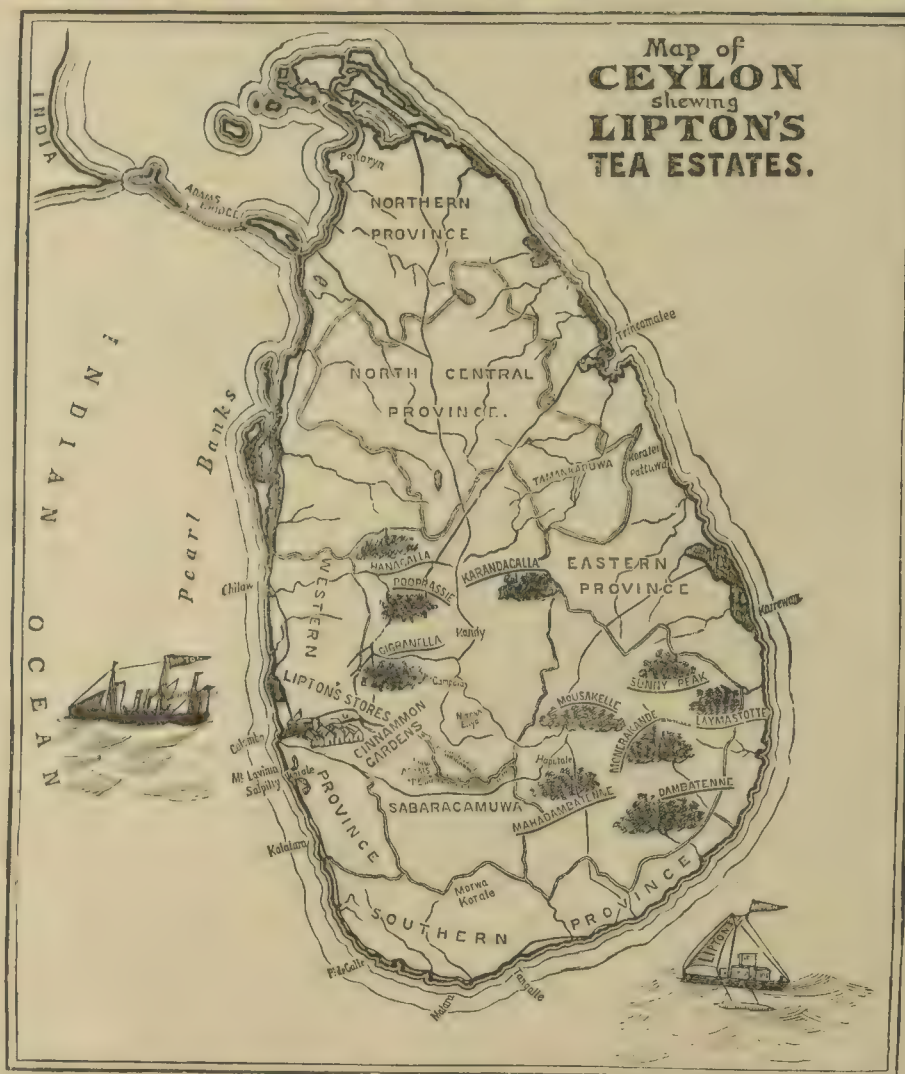
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"Mamma, shall I have beautiful long hair like you when I grow up?"

"Certainly, my dear, if you use 'Edwards' Harlene.'"



were gallantly fighting somewhere, that martial bands were keeping up the spirits of the people, or even celebrating triumphs reported every hour, that cool, steadfast men sat in council, receiving news from skilful and indomitable commanders in the field. I could have laughed at the grim humour of such a spectacle. But at the railway station it was no laughing matter. There was a tremendous scramble for the trains leaving for the Cape. The panic among the women and children was terrible to see. Here was a sufficient answer to the critics who say there never was any danger to the lives of the women at Johannesburg. Did the struggling husbands and fathers who made frantic efforts to find places in the trains for their families suffer no anxiety? What would they have said, had a bystander urged them to be cool, and told them that people in England would not understand this panic, that the Boer was a Bible-loving patriot who would not hurt a fly, that they ought to stay quietly at home, and carry on their affairs as if nothing had happened?

The distress of this flying throng day by day knew no abatement. After two days in Johannesburg, I saw that the political agitation was hopeless, and started for Cape Town. The scenes by the way were extraordinary. As we passed through the Orange Free State, the burghers were concentrating



SCENE OUTSIDE THE LANDROST'S COURT-HOUSE ON THE ARRIVAL OF STRAGGLERS OF JAMESON'S FORCE.

towards the border. We came across the State artillery near Bloemfontein, and the gunners grinned with derision at the train. With these warlike preparations all about them, the passengers were disturbed by incidents very uncommon on a railway journey. I believe that two women were confined on the way, and at Bloemfontein I saw one assisted by her husband to the waiting-room, which the officials for some reason refused to open, while a



OUTSIDE THE JAIL AT PRETORIA IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF JAMESON AND HIS OFFICERS

*From Photographs.*





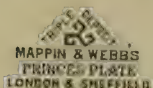
DR. JAMESON IN PRISON AT PRETORIA.

*From a Sketch by Mr. Melton Prior.*



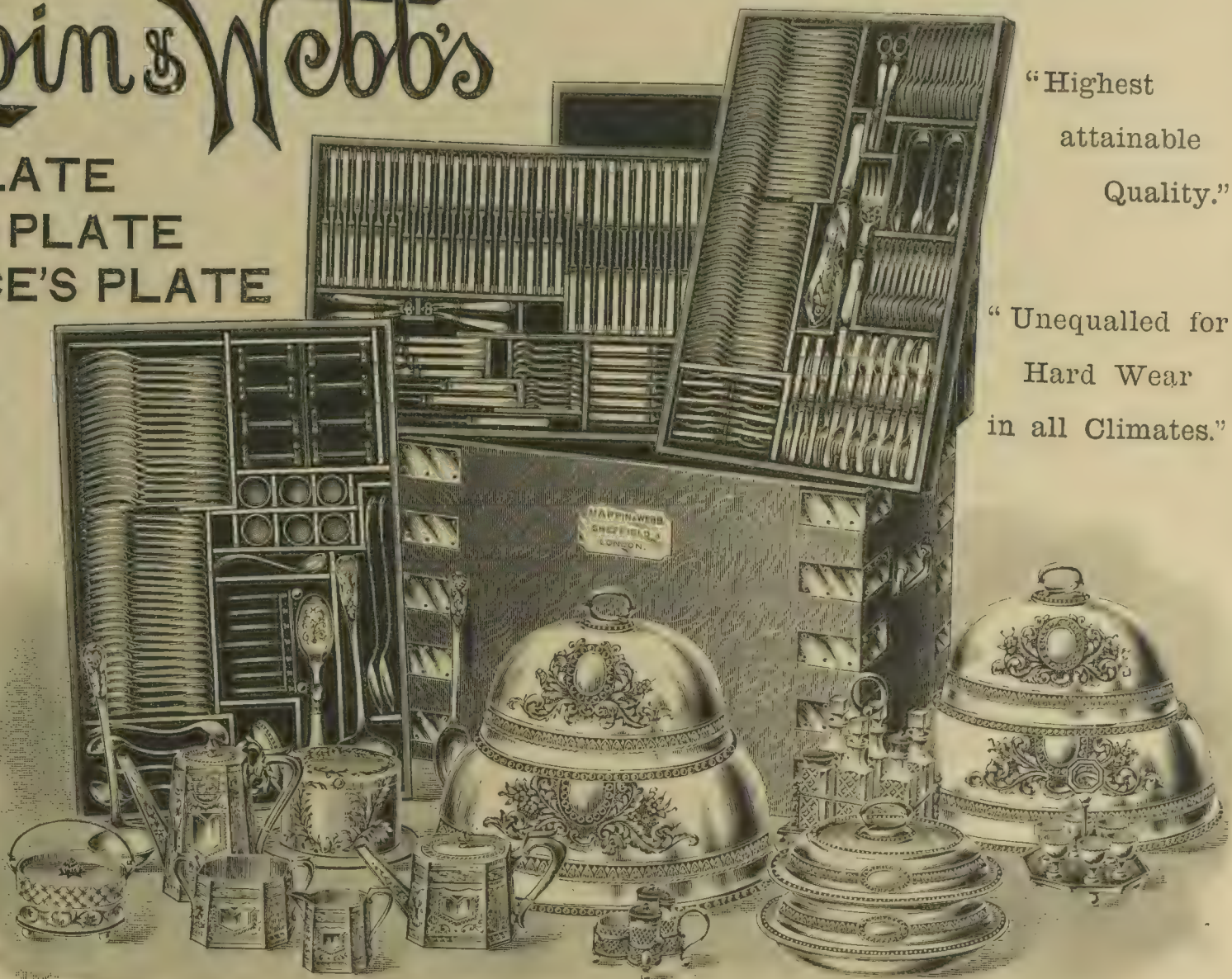
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were also taken; and for physic—with  
which it is as well to be supplied when  
travelling in out-of-the-way places—  
some Quinine and Cockle's Pills, the  
latter a most invaluable medicine, and  
one which I have used on the natives  
of Central Africa with the greatest  
possible success. In fact, the marvel-  
lous effects produced upon the mind  
and body of an Arab Sheik, who was  
impervious to all native medicines when  
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**COCKLE'S PILLS,**

will never fade from my memory: and  
a friend of mine who passed through  
the same district many months after  
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"THE ANTI-DYSPEPTIC COCOA."

**FOR NURSING MOTHERS,** whom it helps to nourish their Infants. For them the Cocoatina should be mixed to a paste with water, and the Cup filled up with Boiling Milk.

**FOR YOUNG INFANTS.** A reader of *Baby* writes: "I wonder if you have ever tried Schweitzer's Cocoatina for Bottle-fed Babies? My Infant quite lost her appetite lately, and it occurred to me to give a teaspoonful of Cocoatina in a bottleful of Milk and Water sweetened with Sugar of Milk; she took it eagerly, and enjoys it when refusing all other food."

**FOR LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYS** it is a delightful change from plain Milk for their Tea, especially in Cold Weather.

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humane stranger went post haste for a doctor. The excitement was enhanced in my own case by a constant expectation that the long, though fumbling, arm of the Transvaal law would light upon me after all. There were two troopers of Bettington's Horse in the train, and I changed clothes with one of them by way of precaution.

Even at Cape Town the danger was not over. The night before I sailed in the *Moor*, I was awakened by a man in the hotel, who said detectives were searching for me, and I changed my quarters at once. There was another act of disinterested kindness on the steamer next day, for, as I sat watching people coming on board, a lady I did not know, and whose name I have not even heard, said in a low voice, as she brushed past me, "Go below!" I went below, and remained there till we were well out at sea; but I had first the felicity of seeing Mr. Rhodes, accompanied by Mr. Beit, come off in a tender to the ship, where they did not appear to be entirely free from uneasiness. After what I had gone through, the visible disturbance of these eminent personages was somehow rather sustaining.

## VIII.

The story of Jameson's dash is obviously a story of dismal failure, but failure redeemed, I believe, by some of those personal qualities which are dear to the pride of Englishmen. The worst that can be said of Dr. Jim is that he is a splendid outlaw; but if he set aside for the moment those considerations of

prudence which are supposed to be the guardian angels of Cabinet Ministers, he had at least a motive and a cue for passion to which those august worthies are strangers. It is

easy to say that he must have been "mad." I think I have shown that his madness had its root in a generous emotion which is better than calculating sanity. The discontent in the Rand was not his invention; it was not the invention of a plot at Johannesburg, though there may have been plotters who took advantage of it for their own personal ends. There is never a fountain without slime; but the slime in this business does not smirch the reputation of Dr. Jim. He was Quixotic if you like; he blundered, as we can all see now; yet, if I mistake not, he still has a strong place in the affectionate admiration of his countrymen. Why he was misled, and who misled him, may be revealed in the course of the inquiry; but the purity of his own motives

stands clear already. He has not made his name in South Africa by dubious adventure; he has made it by high personal character, and that remains to him even in this hour of defeat and humiliation. Something else remains, and this is the whole problem of the Transvaal. How is the Boer Government to be carried on indefinitely? How are the just claims of a great majority of the population to be reconciled with the arbitrary pretensions of the minority? How is British suzerainty to be maintained against German encroachments? These important questions are no nearer a solution, though President Kruger is, for the nonce, master of the situation.



Photo Dickinson and Foster, New Bond Street.  
MAJOR SIR JOHN WILLOUGHBY, BART.,  
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CHARTERED COMPANY'S FORCES.



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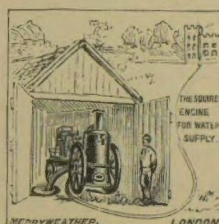
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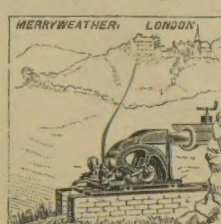
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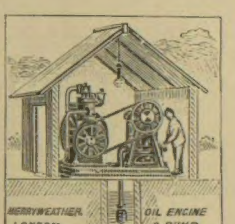
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It is a mistake to assume the perpetual sovereignty of the Transvaal by the Boers. You may have historical parallels of a country held by a minority, where that minority has been sustained by the overwhelming authority of a neighbouring and kindred State; but where is there a parallel to such a condition of affairs as prevails in the Transvaal? If we had settled the matter once for all in 1881, we should not have been worried by these spasms of a decaying tooth. Had the Boers been suppressed after Majuba, they would have fallen, by this time, into the natural position of a minority, and we should not have had German intrigue in addition to the original complication. After the restoration of the Boer independence it was plain that the old controversy would revive when the progressive settlers in the country began to develop its resources. I have read some astonishing arguments about the wilful intrusion of the Uitlanders. They are described as people whose insatiate passion for gold has troubled the peace of the virtuous Boers. According to this theory, gold, as the root of all evil, ought to remain in the earth, because the political owners of the soil in which it is found are devoid either of the spirit or the capacity to take it out. It follows that the Uitlanders have no business in the Transvaal at all, or that they ought to exercise their skill and capital in mining on sufferance.

This reasoning is absurd enough; it is made even more absurd by the fact that the Boers are not in the least unwilling to profit by the enterprise of the settlers. They are too lazy or too ignorant to develop the mineral wealth of the country, but they do not mind filling their treasury with taxation levied almost entirely on the Uitlanders. The Boer detests taxes and all the charges of organised government. Left to himself, he would drop into practical anarchy, and it would be difficult, if not impossible, to maintain any settled administration at all. When Sir Theophilus Shepstone annexed the country in 1877 there was half-a-crown in the Boer exchequer. Half-a-crown is the traditional foundation of many fortunes; but Boer husbandry would speedily have dissolved it into its component elements. At the present time, the resources of the Transvaal Government are entirely supplied by the immigrant population. It is with their money that Krupps are bought to overawe them; the canny Kruger dips his official hand complacently into their pockets; they pay his salary and he calls them rebels. This, if you please, is in a so-called Republic, not in an ancient Monarchy, the heritors of which have been wont for ages to live on the people. It is a Government for the people by the people which maintains this grotesque principle that the majority of the people shall pay for this fraudulent denial of their political rights.

To tell us, then, that the Transvaal belongs to the Boers is merely to evade the real difficulty. A country cannot for ever belong to a minority which obstinately abuses its hold on the reins

of government. Sooner or later, if no peaceable means be found to enable the majority to exercise the rights of a majority, the country will be plunged into revolution. That is why the present discomfiture of Johannesburg is no remedy for a deep-rooted evil. The Boers do not understand constitutional agitations for redress of wrongs. They are not learned in the history of free institutions. Their idea of freedom is to do what they will with their own, which, in this instance, happens to belong to other people. That member of the Volksraad who challenged the Uitlanders to fight for the franchise spoke the true sentiment of his nation. When they trekked into the wilderness, they made their way by fighting, and they despise people who are not ready to take up arms for the same reason. Let the high and dry constitutional theorists, who are aghast at the wickedness of the Johannesburgers in gathering arms, consider this. Constitutional theory to the Boer is so much chaff. Amiable proposals of Home Rule for the Rand are in his

eyes preposterous. To ask him to give the aliens the upper hand in the Transvaal, or any part of it, except in deference to superior force, is like asking the opossum to come down when the colonel has no gun.

#### IX.

How does the British suzerainty bear on this unprecedented situation? You are told that the suzerain cannot interfere with the internal affairs of the Transvaal. That principle has been asserted by the Boers, in terms which do not err in excess of courtesy, in reply to the tentative suggestion that they should give the Rand autonomy. Even a suggestion, practicable or not, is resented, you observe, by these buccaneers, who shovel other people's money into their treasury chest, and then sit on it

with a defiant refusal even to administer elementary justice. The suzerain must not even hazard an idea for their instruction in the A B C of democratic politics without incurring the boorish snub which the Boer delights to inflict on Englishmen. Well, is the suzerain prepared to endure this for ever? Is the Imperial Government to go on accepting Mr. Kruger's reproofs with meekness, and to denounce as madmen any colonists outside the Transvaal border whose blood boils over? The Imperial mother seems to owe something more to her own children than to the angry cub which is nominally under her protection, and snarls at her gentlest admonition. The Uitlander population is mostly British, and Britain is determined to remain the paramount Power in South Africa; but how can you adjust this paramount authority to the complete negation of all British influence in the Transvaal? The two things are hopelessly incompatible. Either the contemptuous treatment of your Uitlanders by the Boers must end, or your supremacy becomes a farce. No diplomatic glozing can disguise this dilemma. Moreover, the patience of South Africa is not inexhaustible, and



Photo Elliott and Fry, Ea er Street.  
SIR JOHN GORDON SPRIGG,  
PREMIER OF CAPE COLONY.



Photo Barzani, Old Bond Street.  
SIR JOHN HERCULES ROBINSON,  
CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF CAPE COLONY.



GENERAL JOUBERT,  
COMMANDER OF THE BOER FORCES.



PAUL KRUGER,  
PRESIDENT OF THE TRANSVAAL REPUBLIC.



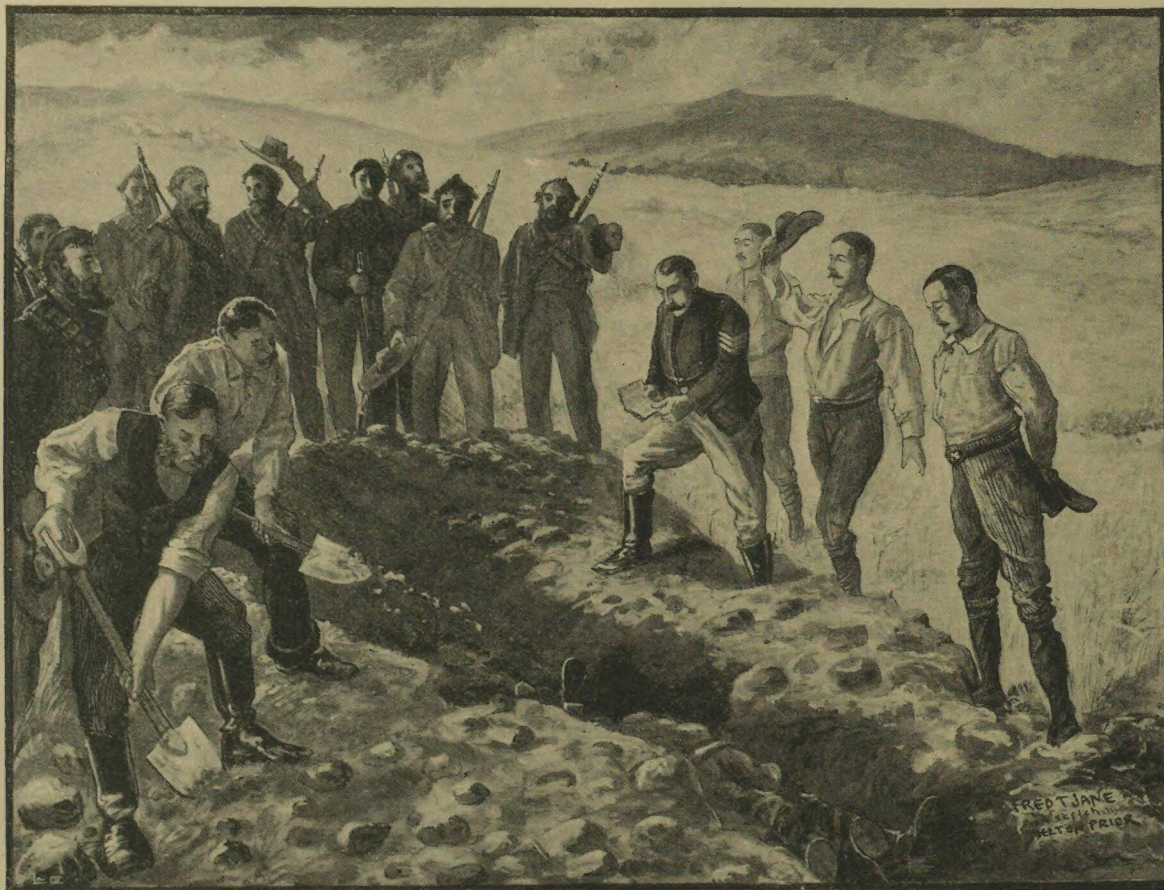
you are in danger of rousing a serious resentment in Cape Colony by a temporising policy which achieves nothing but such a reply as President Kruger's to Mr. Chamberlain's dispatch.

You have to face the blunt question, What will England do if the Boers flatly refuse to make any material change in the machinery of their government, in order to admit the Uitlanders to the full privileges of burghers? It is no use saying that the Boers cannot be expected to put power into the hands of men who may use it to overturn the present oligarchy at Pretoria. That plea does not touch the root of the matter. The Boer domination rests on no moral basis that is recognised by the inevitable development of democracies. The Uitlanders are bound to look to the suzerain for sympathy and protection, even though these are not explicitly provided by the Convention of 1884. It is said—rather shabbily, I think—that the Uitlanders do not want the intervention of the “Imperial factor”; but that will not serve the Imperial Government as an excuse for avoiding responsibility. If the “factor” intervenes so far as to issue the Queen's proclamation to cripple British subjects who would otherwise make common cause with their aggrieved friends in the Transvaal, it must either remove the grievance or increase the provocation to rebellion. This is no threat; it is the very essence of the case. If the Boers refuse to make any substantial concessions, then the Imperial Government must choose between the coercion of Kruger and the insurrection of the Rand; and if it endeavours to baulk the insurrection by a further proclamation, it must be prepared to face a dangerous ill-will throughout Cape Colony.

It is, in my opinion, a public service to make all this plain, for there is an amazing disposition in some quarters to treat the Boers as a divine flock, specially chosen by Heaven to rule the Transvaal for ever in defiance of all the lessons of history. Moreover, the obvious aim of the shrewd Hollanders who surround Kruger is, in the last resort, to make the Transvaal a German spear-head thrust into the heart of our African enterprise. Only the perversely blind can fail to see that German policy is using the independence of the Transvaal as a weapon against British supremacy in South Africa. The attempt,

happily burked, to send a German force to the Transvaal by way of Delagoa Bay, on the plea that German subjects needed special protection, showed that the Germans were quite ready for a little filibustering on their own account, while they shrieked at the iniquity of Dr. Jameson. Once let the martial foot of the Teuton plant itself in the Transvaal, and it will never be lifted. That is the way in which German diplomacy regards the Boer independence. Thus the “Imperial factor,” if it does not take care, may find itself in this position: that it has infuriated Boers and Uitlanders alike, provoked a rupture with Germany, and lost the loyalty of the Cape. Colonial politicians are not prepared to “cut the painter” with a light heart; but do not drive them to extremity by a vexatious fussiness which enlarges the area of complications. Above all, do not assume that you can solve the Transvaal problem on the basis of the *status quo*, that you can bring about a fusion of Boer arrogance and the majority which represents every element of the future. English and Dutch, it is true, live happily side by side under the free institutions of the Cape Colony, but that is a perfectly misleading analogy to apply to the Transvaal. Uitlander and Boer cannot compose their differences under Mr. Kruger's Press law, which combines the obscurantist tyranny of Bismarck with the cunning of the ancient Jews, who imposed the rite of circumcision on a Caananite tribe and then slew them for the glory of God. Free institutions in the Transvaal mean the disappearance of the Boer domination, and the maintenance of that domination means rebellion, sooner or later, for free institutions.

Here is the real issue, which cannot be long obscured by declamation against the Chartered Company and clamour for Dr. Jim's conviction. Do what you will with that true man; let him suffer the penalty, whatever it may be, for a noble impulse; but do not imagine that your outraged statutes will be his only monument. And beware lest, by perpetrating the injustice and peril that called him to hasty and generous action, you provoke a bigger blaze in South Africa than that which was extinguished at Doornkop by Boer strategy, with the help of a craven spirit at Johannesburg and the Queen's proclamation.



Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

“SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.”